SOVEREIGN GRACE
DISPLAY'D,

IN THE

4409.aaa

REMARKABLE CONVERSION

Of the Right Honourable,

G. CHARLES DYKERN,

Baron and Lieutenant of the Saxon Troops, in the Service of the King of France, who was Mortally Wounded at the Battle of Bergen in Germany, April the 10th 1759.

As related by Dr. FRESENIUS, Senior of the Clergy at FRANKFORT.

At Evening Time it ſhall be Light.
Zech 14, 7.

ROCHESTER,
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1770.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Sovereign Grace

DISPLAY'D,

IN THE

Remarkable Converſion

OF THE

Rt. Hon. Geo. Charles Dykern,

AFTER the battle of Bergen in Germany, April the 10th 1759. Among the many wounded who were brought into Frankfort upon the Mayne, there was the Right Honourable George Charles Dykern, Baron, Lieutenant General of the Saxon Troops, in the ſervice of the King of France: he was born of an ancient and noble, family in Seleſia, April the 10th 1710. So that it was juſt on his birth day he received his wound; he was of equal abilities as a miniſter in the cloſet, and a general in the field; in his younger years he had gone through a regular courſe of ſtudy in the Univerſity,

and

and made a great proficiency in Philoſophy, eſpecially in mathematicks, afterwards he ſtudied Polemic divinity, till he reaſoned himſelf into an infidel, during his illneſs he ſhewed not the leaſt deſire of pious company or ſerious diſcourſe, till the Surgeon let his valet-de-chamber know that he could not live lonng; the man then aſk'd his maſter wether he did not chuſe to be viſited by a Clergyman;——he anſwered with warmth,—I ſhall not trouble thoſe gentlemen, I know well myſelf what to believe and do;——his man not diſcourag'd, continued thus,——my lord, have you ever found me wanting in my duty, all the time I have been in your ſervive?—He anſwered no;—then replied he I will not be wanting now,—the Surgeons count you paſt hopes of recovery, but every one is afraid to tell you ſo, you ſtand on the brink of eternity, pray Sir order a Clergyman to be called;——he paus'd a little, but ſoon gave his hand to the ſervant thank'd him for his honeſty, and order'd to ſend for me (Dr. Freſenius, ſenior of the clergy at Frankfort) when I came the man plainly told me the general was a profeſs'd infidel; I went in, and after a ſhort compliment ſaid, I am told my lord, your life is near an end, therefore I preſume without any more ceremony to aſk you one plain queſtion, is the ſtate of your ſoul ſuch, that you can entertain a

ſolid

ſolid hope of Salvation?—He anſwer'd yes;—
—on what ground you this Hope?—He replied, I never committed any wilful ſin, I have been liable to frailties; but I truſt in God's mercy and the merits of his Son, that he will have mercy upon me: theſe words he utter'd very ſlowly eſpecially 'the merits of his Son:' I made the following reply, I am apt to beleive you are not tainted with the groſſeſt vices, but I fear you a little to preſumptiouſly boaſt of never having committed wilful ſin; if you would be ſav'd, you muſt acknowledge your being utterly corrupted by ſin, and conſequently deſerving the curſe of God and eternal damnation; as to your hoping for God's mercy thro' the merits of his Son, I beg leave to aſk you, do you believe God has a Son, that his Son aſſumed our nature, in order to be our Saviour, that in the execution of his office he has given ample ſatisfaction for us, and recovered our title to heaven?—He anſwered,—I cannot now avoid a more minute diſcription of the ſtate of my ſoul; let me tell you Doctor, I have ſome knowledge of philoſophy, by which I have choſe for myſelf a way of Salvation; I have always endeavoured to live a ſober life to the utmoſt of my power, not doubting but the Being of all beings would then graciouſly accept me. In this way I ſtood in no need of Chriſt, and therefore did not believe on him;

———but if I take the Scripture to be a divine revelation, this way of mine I perceive is not the right one, I muſt believe on Chriſt and thro' him come to God.———I replied, you ſay, IF you take the Scriptures to be a divine revelation?--- He fetch'd a deep ſigh and ſaid,———O God, thou wilt make me ſay, becauſe I take the ſcriptures to be thy word.———I ſaid there are grounds and reaſons enough to demonſtrate the divine origin of chriſtianity, as I could ſhew from its moſt eſſential principles, were not the period of your life ſo ſhort; but we need not now that defuſive method; faith being the gift of God, a poor ſinner tottering on the brink of eternity, has not time to enquire about grounds and reaſons; rather betake yourſelf to earneſt prayer for faith, which if you do, I doubt not but God will give it you,———I had no ſooner ſpoken theſe words, but putting of his cap and liſting up his hands and eyes, he cried out, --- O Almighty God I am a poor curſed Sinner, worthy of damnation, but Lord Jeſus, eternal Son of God, thou diedſt for my Sins alſo, it is thro' Thee alone I can be ſaved. O give me Faith, and ſtrengthen that Faith.———Being extremely weak he was oblig'd to ſtop here. A little after he aſk'd, ----- is Faith enough for Salvation?— Yes Sir, ſaid I if it be liveing Faith; —methinks ſaid he,

it is so already,-- I perceive it will be more so by and by, let us pray for it.-- Perceiving he was very weak, and to give him some rest, I retired into the next room, but he soon sent to call me, I found him praying and Jesus was all he prayed for. I reminded him of some scriptures treating of Faith in Christ, and he was much delighted with them; indeed he was quite swallowed up by the grace of Jesus, and would hear of nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified; he cried out, --I do not know how it is with me, I never in my life felt such a Change, I have power to love Jesus, and to believe in him, whom I so long rejected. O my Jesus how merciful art thou to me!

About noon I stept home; but he sent for me directly, so that I could scarce eat my dinner; we were both fill'd with joy as the partakers of the same grace which is in Jesus, and that, in such a manner as if we had been acquainted together for many years. Many officers of the army came to see him continually, to all of whom he talk'd as freely of Jesus,--of the Grace of the Father in Him,--and of the power of the Holy Ghost thro' Him, wondering without ceasing at his having found Jesus, and at the happy change, by which all things on this side eternity where become indifferent to him.

In the afternoon he desired to Partake of the Lord's Supper which he received with a melting praising and rejoiceing heart; all the rest of the day he continued in the same state of soul; towards the evening he desired that if his end should approach I would come to him, which I promised, but he did not send for me till next morning. I was told by his Valet that he slept well for some hours, and then wakeing prayed for a considerable time continually mentioning our Lord, and his most precious blood, and that he had desired several of the officers to make his conversion known to his court (that of the king of Poland;) After some discourse I ask'd, has your view of Christ and his redemption been never altered nor obscured since yesterday? He answered,-to neither alter'd nor obscured, I have no doubt not even a remote one, it is just the same with me as if I had always believed and never doubted, so gracious is the Lord Jesus to me a sinner!

The second day he was unwearied with prayer and exercises of Faith; towards evening he sent for me in haste, when I came I found him dying and in a kind of dilirium, so I could do no more than give him a word of comfort.--- I prayed afterward for him and those that were present: some of whom were of high birth and rank,-- I then by imposition of hands

as uſual gave him a bleſſing, which being done, he expired immediately.--A royal prince who was there (prince Xavier of Saxony) could not forbear weeping;--- the reſt of the officers bewail'd the death of their general, yet praiſed God for having ſhewn ſuch mercy to him.

I wrote an account of it without delay to his mother, and had an immediate anſwer. She was a lady of ſeventy two of examplary piety: She praiſed God for his mercy, adding, that he had now anſwered the prayers which ſhe had never ceaſed to offer on his behalf for eleven years.

A N

H Y M N

The Sinner CONVERTED

1

When with my Mind devoutly preſt,
Dear Saviour my revolting Breaſt
Would paſt Offences trace:
Trembling I make the black Review,
Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too,
The Power of changing Grace!

2

This Tongue with Blaſphemies defil'd,
Theſe Feet to erring Paths beguil'd,
In heavenly league agree
Who could believe ſuch Lips could praiſe,
Or think ſuch Feet ſhould tread the ways
That lead O God, to thee?

Theſe

These Eyes, that once abus'd their Sight,
Now lift to thee their watr'y Light,
And weep a silent Flood;
These Hands assend in ceasless Pray'r,
O wash away the Stains they wear,
In pure redeeming Blood.

4

These Ears, that pleas'd could entertain
The midnight Oath, the lustful Strain,
When round the festal Board:
Now deaf to all th'enchanting Noise,
Avoid the Throng, detest the Joys,
And press to hear thy Word.

5

Thus art thou serv'd in every Part,
Go on dear Lord, transform my Heart,
This drossy thing refine;
Thus Grace shall Nature's Strength controul,
And a new Creature---Body---Soul
Be, Lord for ever thine.

FINIS.

16 JY 63